

Volume One, Number Five

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# RUBBER LIFE

**A Wet Dream Come True**

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ALL HAVE THE COLORIC ARTIST!

## **Latex Water Games**

A RUBBERMAID'S DREAM

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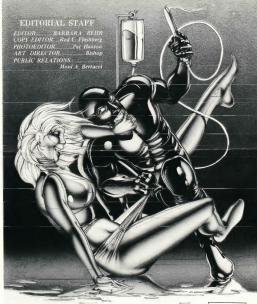
**LINDA LATEX  
ADVICE FROM THE RUBBER NURSE**

PUBLISHED FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT ONLY!

# RUBBER LIFE

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Daniel D. Todd Jr.  
Archival Collection

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

RUBBER LIFE #1 — Good; #2 and #3 — only fair. Have been a rubber and latex-wear lover since as far back as 1948 when, on a date, I discovered that my girl was wearing a Playtex panty brief. The posting and subsequent removal of this garment created the beginning of many "explosions" for me. When she learned of my interest, she went out and bought the panty girdle in both the "Pink-lor" and "Living" styles and in all the colors available at that time. Needless to say, much time was spent with this girl removing her Playtex briefs and panty girdles. Hope some day that the Playtex people or someone else will resume making these fine products, because of all should be able to experience the pleasures derived from latex.

D.H.  
Louisiana

Dear D.H.:

You were certainly fortunate in finding a girl who would not only go along but be as equal with you and your love for latex.

If anyone has any ideas on where to find girdles similar to the old

Playtex ones—please let us know so we can share the information with all of our readers!

Bernard Behr

Dear Editor:

I bought your first two issues of RUBBER LIFE. It's a great thing to find your publications, especially in France where the sex literature is very poor! What a marvelous thing to read a review entirely devoted to rubber!

However, it seems to me that the first issue was better, because of too much "infantilism" in the second—for my own taste, of course. Rubber lovers are not unavoidably infantilists, water sport lovers, or sadism devotees!

Another thing is difficult to understand by me: your review is called RUBBER LIFE and all the photo stories are not with rubber, but only with latex garments. It's not the same thing for a real rubber lover!

If you can, in your next issue, write more stories and publish more photos with rubber—especially with rubber sheets and other hygiene articles of rubber.

I'm 30 years old and my special love is for rubber caps (worn by children all the years 1950-55 in Europe and perhaps in the States?), with many blue or brown textile outside and rubber inside. I also love rubber "machikroshes" of brown tissue with rubber inside, too. Please publish photos of these articles if you can.

In any case, many thanks for your good work!

Yours faithfully,

J.T.

France

P.S.: Excuse me for my very bad English! If it was better, I would write for your readers my personal experiences with rubber caps, rubber minicost, rubber bag, and so and so!

Dear J.T.:

Yes, please send us in your experiences—we don't mind editing at all!

Thanks for your support all the way from France!

Editors

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# THE RUBBER NURSE



The name Jimmy had both dreaded and hoped for had arrived: his lasciviously endowed Aryan nurse, Gretta, had returned for his evening run. He was so proud of himself and he knew she would be pleased with him—he had kept his diapers dry. But, nonetheless, his anxiety was obvious; beads of sweat began forming on his forehead. Gretta would be pleased, but her rewards did not always take the expected form. As she unstrapped him from his bed and carried him to the work table, Jimmy's thoughts raced back over the past two weeks, which had begun when he answered an ad in the paper: "... expert, personalized care for infantile adults. . . ." He had dialed the number immediately, his hand trembling, and a low, sensuous, but motherly voice had given him an address on Hoover and told him to come right over. He had run to the bus stop!

He remembered the incredible excitement he had felt when the large-breasted woman led him down a long, corridor. And he remembered white—everything as an aseptic white. How his heart was beating when he was led into this room and the delicate, but distinctive odor of rubber and baby powder had invaded his entire being. On the far wall he immediately saw the cabinet filled with diapers and rubber clothing near a large water bed. An operating table on the other side had sent a shiver up his spine.

His reflections were interrupted as Gretta dropped him to the changing table and stretched the rubber pants away to check his diapers. His heart sped up with anticipation.

"Well, if we are still dry? My, my, has my baby learned so quickly to control himself? But no, that cannot be. We must be constipated, poor baby! Well, Nurse Gretta will fix that."



Jimmy swallowed hard—he knew what was about to happen. He wanted to yell out “NO!” but he had learned early in his training that infants couldn’t talk, so he whimpers his disagreement as Gertrude strapped him face-down on the work table.

“Don’t cry, Jim Jim, we’re going to feel so much better once we’ve had our enema,” Gertrude smiled, and Jimmy shivered as she held the colonic needle up in front of him. “Well, how much of this lovely, warm, soapy solution will we need today? Three quarts? FOUR quarts?” Jimmy gritted his teeth and righteased his muscles as she pulled his diaper aside.







With the pipe in place Greta released the valve and the flow began—slowly at first, then faster. The warm liquid oozed sensuously into him. Jimmy closed his eyes and breathed deeply. What a fantastic feeling it was—the warmth flowing deep within his loins. But the gentle sensations changed to discomfort as the soapy fluid began reaching his deepest recesses, and the pressure began to build. On and on the flow continued, until he was sure he would soon explode. But still it continued.

Just when he thought he would certainly go mad from the pain, Greta removed the pipe and placed his diapers back in place. Then she pulled his protective rubber pants over the diapers and, giving his bottom a slight pat, she said, "Well, that ought to occupy us for a while. Now be a good boy and hold onto it until Nurse Greta gets back and takes Jim Jim to the potty. We don't want to think about what might happen if baby should mess his pants," she said as she placed a bottle of warm formula at his lips and left the room.

Minutes seemed to become hours as he lay there, waiting for Greta to return. The pressure within his loins, on his bladder, throughout his entire being was tremendous. His muscles ached; his head pounded from the tension. He thought he would die—he wished he could die—the pain cut through him, but still he held. He was determined to hold it, to avoid the indignation, the humiliation an accident would bring upon him.







But then his body, his natural functions, overpowered his will, his muscles relaxed and the flow began. Glorious relief was all he felt as the liquid left him, seeping to the far reaches of his rubber pants, soaking his diaper. He sighed deeply as the pain throughout his body subsided into a moment of tranquility, but he tensed when he heard the door open. Gertrude knew immediately that it had happened, but she decided to give him humiliation a taste. She grabbed him by the hair and shook his head, scolding him vehemently. "What a bad baby; evil, naughty child. You must be punished. You can think about the punishment you will receive while I clean up this mess."

She lowered the rubber pants and removed the soiled diaper, tossing them into a hamper near the door. When she had wiped him with a dry diaper she fixed a dish of warm soapsuds for his sponge bath. The soapy suds and her slippery hands slid down between his legs, cleaning deep within his cavity. Back and forth, around his male symbol she scrubbed, exciting the delicate little tool to rigidity. Gertrude laughed at the enforced erection. "Well, lookie that. Sweet, naughty baby Jim Jim has a little handle on. How cute. If we only had a little girl baby for him to try to push it in," she mused, as his face grew red from embarrassment.





When she had dried him she applied the warm baby oil, which included a mild irritant. She massaged the oil into his buttocks, down between the cheeks, between his legs, on and all around his organ. He closed his eyes and sighed as the gentle infantile sensations regaled him. Just then he felt the table being tilted and a searing pain ripped through his loins. "CRACK!" he heard the noise an instant later. Again he felt the stinging pain slice across his buttocks, and only then did he realize it was Gerta's powerful palm. Again and again she flailed his upturned tail, till it turned a purplish-red color. She raised her hand for one final stinging blow. Down it came with all the force his powerful arm could muster. It slashed across his inflamed buttocks and the sound of the collision became a scream as the pain shot through him.









The pain and humiliation continued as Greta removed the con-  
fining straps, powdered him and pinned a fresh set of diapers in  
place. Jimmy stayed perfectly still while she changed him and  
went to the cabinet for a clean pair of rubber pants. Greta held  
up his legs as she slipped the rubbery protection on, and he lifted  
himself up while she slipped the panties over the diapers. Panties  
in place, Greta literally pulled Jimmy off the work table by his  
ear and forced him forward to the other side of the room. "Time  
for naughty Jim Jim's evening meal. Tonight, because he's been  
such a bad baby, I think we'll have creamed spinach. Won't that  
be nice?" and she laughed as her infantile patient grimaced.



(For more on Gerda's colonic ams, water sports and sexual adult infant care, watch for the forthcoming publication, **THE RUBBER NURSE**, available through House of Milan.)



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# Dear Linda Latex



## Advice From The RUBBER NURSE

Dear Linda:

I have now completed. It has taken me many years to acquire a large assorted rubber wardrobe: garments from England, Germany and here in the U.S. After carefully reading and enjoying every story in your first issue, I tried the baby oil trick — using Johnson's plain, not medicated. The sensations were above description, like a thousand thropes massaging and stimulating every nerve. Each time it would come, I'd give thanks to you and the perfect publication. After washing and powdering such garments (some were very expensive), a few days later I was more wanted to experience my new world of rubber: but the garment had turned stiff and gummy; they just ripped and fell apart when I tried to put them on.

Could you keep forgotten to mention the proper care one should take after using baby oil with rubber? The experience was wonderful, while I was clothed in all-weather rubber, but damned disgusting and costly when I found I had ruined some of my collection.

Please, do you have an answer on proper care to take after the sensitive experiment?

G.W.M., Jr.  
Ohio

Dear Linda:

In RUBBER LIFE stories and pictures, why do you tell about using baby oil with rubber garments? I have just ruined \$15.00 worth of underbuds and pants with it. They are packed up, even after careful washing, drying and powdering. Is there any way to counteract the effect of the baby oil?

Very truly yours,  
A.C.L.  
Pennsylvania

A brief, open letter to all my babies who have had trouble with baby oil and rubber:

Many of you have had mixing baby oil and natural gum rubber together with disastrous results. Synthetic rubber is about the only rubber you can use baby oil on but I would advise using only a water soluble lubricant with a glycerine base. Then you can be sure about keeping your rubber garments intact. Try BB or NY lubricating jelly. You'll find them much better than baby oil.

Linda

Dear Linda:

At the present time I have no partner to properly discipline me regarding my wet rubber pants and diapers. Consequently, when I wet the bed or my pants, there is no punishment. Also, I play with myself quite a bit. I know that I am acting like a baby and should be thoroughly humiliated for my actions but I don't

know what to do about the situation for the present. Do you have any ideas?

I wet most of the time at night so I am not completely incontinent. Do you think there is any training I can take when I get a partner again or maybe something I can start myself that would train me to be completely incontinent? Is this possible?

Sincerely,  
J.D.B.  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Baby J.D.B.:

You are really in need of training. If you were my baby, I'd have you in diapers and rubber panties night and day. This would remind you of how often you wet. You would not be allowed to use the men's room and would have to rely on your diaper and rubber pants. I would allow you a diaper change of hands and another at bedtime. I think you should consider this self-punishment until you can find a valuable rubber nurse to guide you in the world of incontinence. You had should be fully covered with a rubber sheet and you should be wearing a babybib, shiny baby doll top over your rubber pants and diapers at bed time. Baby bottles, teats, bonnets and booties should be a part of your wardrobe. Go shopping and get the necessary things! I would suggest Hildegarde diapers in 18" x 40" and baby diaper pins in pink to fasten them around you. You should have a pink pair of HARA OFF rubber panties from HOUSE OF MILAN to add to your wardrobe. Keeping yourself in diapers and rubber panties will train you to be incontinent and you should be thoroughly spoiled by playing with yourself. You must drink lots of water from your bottle at night and make frequent trips to the water fountain at work. At no time should you remove your diapers and rubber panties to use the rest room. This is the hard advice I can give you until you can find a suitable nurse. Advertise in this magazine for one. You may be lucky enough to find a girl who'll be delighted to keep you in rubber pants for the rest of your life.

Linda

Dear Linda Rubber Nurse:

Here, just received RUBBER LIFE and it was really great to see the photos of the male babies in the lovely diapers and waterproof rubber knickerboys. I am a very dominant female and we too in London have our male babies. My husband was one when I first married him. He wet the bed every night and his trousers during the day.

He was incontinent as I took the advice of a nanny nurse in charge of babies. She came to stay at my house in uniform and over her starched white petticoats she put on a long brown knicker rubber pants and we waited for my husband to return home as usual with wet pants. We both grabbed him and stripped him naked across the nurse's lap for a spanking. She told him that he would wear supplies for the rest of his life and the English thick brown rubber knickerboys. We was put straight into these waterproofs. The humiliation made him cry. We had arranged everything — a cat and a baby's voice large high chair with potty hole. He was strapped in his high chair for his feed as advised by the nurse. To make him worse in his dirty habits he was fed a dose of cod liver oil every evening and Hildegarde knickerboys from a baby shop local and he had on the large frilly rubber baby with pretty flowers on it and his name Baby Potty on his bib.

Well, this was some poor ops. He now has a full rubber nappy suit which holds everything. The nurse still visits and he drinks this. He is given a good three pin massage and his legs are strapped up. Any lack of bowel movement brings a severe spanking or spanking which all babies should have. His bottom, very one with diaper rash, is made more tender by the nurse's

some across his red buttocks. She has ordered that he must fill his nappies and waterproof rubbers at least three times a day. He wears pretty frilly rubber pants- liners which I think all babies should wear.

I take him out with me shopping and he wears a rubber mackintosh and rubber lined trousers and of course his nappies and rubber pants, but the mackintosh is a tight rubber and can be seen through. I insist on him wearing his flannel rubber pants underneath so all babies get dirty while out with nappies. But he cries, stomps his feet and has a tantrum over having to be strapped into his pants. My question is: Should I seriously punish him by making him wear a rubber bonnet and his dummy hanging from his pretty pinafore - a good coming. What would you do with a naughty baby like this? Also, he has tantrums when he is in his high chair and my girl friends come in. Once again I put a pinafore on him and his big bibby and the girls really have a laugh at the big baby and punish him with his tea bottle. But should I give in and leave the rubber pants off and let him run around in his rubber boots? He looks very pretty with his nappy hanging out around his rubber covered legs. Have stopped this by putting rubber daisy-like knickers over all the nappy and middle rubbers. One more question: I have reserved the dummy owing to his dribbling a lot in the change in climate or should I use a rubber hood over his head? He is getting a very thin though dribbling. Maybe a nice wet nappy tied around his face would help.

Mrs. J.B.  
London, England

Dear Mrs. J.B.:

I thoroughly enjoyed your letter and you seem to have your bad babykins under excellent control. As to your first question: A rubber bonnet would be suitable punishment for your wailer with your baby. I would, however, do this at dusk as you may come under some criticism. The dummy (pacifier) is a perfect punishment and should be used all the time. I am against rubbers in this case as it is more to your favor to use the rubber baby clothes on this seems to humiliate him better than a coming. Use a good spanking fluid brush if needed. I would do the same with my naughty baby. Do keep his rubber pants on to hold his dribbling from his change. The rubber daisy-like knickers are an excellent idea. I would not use a rubber hood. This is not in keeping with his infantile rubber boots and he should be kept looking like a baby. The wet nappy (diapers) is a harsh treatment and he should be threatened with it often and apply it sparingly.

You really seem to have a good control of old English baby discipline and your methods will no doubt be an inspiration to our readers. Thanks for your letter.  
Linda

Dear Linda:

Let me first say I think your column is great. The frank and positive answers you provide should be a big help to most mothers.

My question is about a problem I suspect many in our position have. I am a "lifer" in gaining satisfaction from diapers, rubber pants, etc., but I am married and must keep it secret as I am sure my wife would not understand. I discussed it briefly with her many years ago and she showed general indifference and some disgust.

My question is: Is there a way to win her over? I really feel if we could get by the initial barrier she would be one that would enjoy it herself.  
Secret baby-in-waiting.

P.S.: So far, all of your articles are related to the male side. I'm sure many females could use a little training.

Dear "Secret Baby-in-waiting":

This is one of the hardest questions to answer. Each situation is different and I don't really have enough information about your case. I have, however, advised some of my baby boys who I do know well and you may see my suggestions.

I suggested to some of my little "babies" that he begin incontinence. That is, allow himself to wet occasionally during the day and at night. When his wife saw him with wet trousers and wet bedding she suggested he go to the doctor. He took a trip to the "doctor" and came back with his diaper and rubber pants to show his wife what the doctor prescribed! He then proceeded to tell her that he was suffering from weak bladder muscles or prostate trouble and would be a waste due to his condition. He pulled this off very well and has no trouble. He obviously couldn't come right out and tell her the actual truth as he feared his marriage would break up. He's still in diapers and happily runs around the house in his rubber pants. His wife put a rubber sheet on his bed which really turned him on. She has also benefited from his increased masculinity.

Another babykins boy took my suggestion and just told his wife honestly what his desires really were. This took a lot of courage on his part and a lot of understanding of his wife. He calmly explained in detail about his early childhood fascination with rubber and how he came to climax while wearing rubber pants. He then showed his fascination of rubber with his wife. She at first was shocked because she felt he was psychotic or something else, but he explained to her that rubber interest was a quirk and was harmless. She was a very open person and soon began to understand his desires and when she saw how sexually aroused and loving he was when dressed in his rubber pants and what she could enjoy at it, she wholeheartedly allowed him to pursue his interest. This was an unusual case and one must be sure how open one can be with his spouse.

I don't mean for all of my comments to be directed to the male side. My comments are for both. Go back and read some of them again. Good luck!  
Linda

Continued on Page 55



# RUBBER LOVERS UNITED



Hastily Tim moved out of the cab, quickly paid his fare and turned to walk into the bank building. As he opened the huge casement doors his eyes were already searching for the sweet young teller that he tried to get every day to handle his deposit. Walking rapidly, ignoring the other customers, his eyes searched her out. There she was, sitting behind her cage, her innocent face surrounded by the golden locks flowing lightly, softly, to her shoulders. She glanced up, half expecting him, and their eyes locked. As he moved into the bank of the line, fidgeting impatiently, he was trying to catch her aroma, the soft sweet scent of baby powder that she inescapably wore. Finally, after what seemed to be twenty minutes, he stepped in front of her, gently pushed the deposit across the ledge to her well-manicured petite hand, still looking at her, their eyes locked together.

Suddenly a voice interrupted their moment, "Time for your coffee break, Susie. I guess I got him today." Tim looked up to see a heavily made-up woman looking sidely down her nose at both of them. His eyes

dropped down, knowing that his sweet soft mystery woman would soon be disappearing.

Then, responding without even realizing it, he heard his own voice say, "Boy, I'd like some coffee too." Immediately Susie smiled, a big smile, white teeth flashing, eyes sparkling. "Let's go together. Meet me over by the music at the other side of the bank," she said, pointing to the far wall. Pulling his deposit book, he turned and began walking, heart throbbing, small beads of perspiration forming on his forehead. He fidgeted nervously as he waited for their first rendezvous. Moments later she appeared, walking like a little filly towards him. He smiled. She smiled back and they turned and walked through the lobby to the coffee shop. Within moments they were in a happy discussion about the fabulous aroma of the baby powder and how they both wouldn't want to do without it.

"How did you ever discover it?" questioned Tim, while gazing into her sparkling eyes. Immediately she blushed, her cheeks getting rosier and rosier, and he understood and reached out and held both of her hands tenderly. "Can I see you tonight?" he asked softly, with total understanding in his voice.

"I would love that," she answered. After quick final arrangements she scurried back to the bank and Tim walked back to his job on a cloud, completely neglecting to finish the deposit. He couldn't wait for the evening to begin.

Later, after picking her up and having a light dinner, he drove back to her apartment. "You have to come up for a drink," she said, brushing her hand against his cheek. "Of course," he answered and shortly they were in her apartment. He sat down on a comfortable chair while she went into the kitchen to make him a drink. It seemed like it was taking a little longer than usual but his head was so filled with the happenings of the day and how he had waited so long to have his dream come true, that he really didn't mind. When she did come back he couldn't believe his eyes. She was standing before him in beautiful, shiny, clinging latex rubber clothing; a black rubber bra that molded to her breasts, a short, cute, rose-colored wraparound skirt with the feminine frills that he had









known she would pick out. He heard the smooth latex rustle against itself as she walked toward him, holding a can of baby powder. He sank deeper into the chair. It was more than his imagination could take.

Laughingly, she said, "Come on, Tim, take your pants off. You have rubber pants on, don't you?" He shook his head in amazement. "Yes, yes, I do, hon. O.K." Quickly he was down to his rubber pants and she was sprinkling his stomach with baby powder. Then she powdered his back. It felt so warm, so silky and so soft. "As soon as I get you powdered up, I have a shirt you're going to love," she said to him, gently massaging the powder into his flesh. Moments later she produced the shirt and helped pull it over his muscular chest, softly caressing his body as she did

so.







"It's your turn now, darling," Tim responded, taking the baby powder, shaking it carefully down her back, pulling her skirt up, massaging it into her rear end, her stomach, both of them laughing, giggling, feeling, smelling, listening to the latex rustle together, growing warm underneath its caresses. It was difficult to contain the building excitement in their bodies and they didn't want to. They felt, they hugged, they kissed, they licked each other as the fabulous odors permeated the air. It was more than Tim could ever imagine happening to him in his life and it was more than Susie had ever dreamed of. Each had found another so beautiful to share those secret wonderful feelings.





Dear Miss Behr:

At last my RUBBER LIFE 1, No. 3 is at hand. Thank you for your efforts which seem to have successfully bypassed Canadian Customs. I now look forward to No. 4 with bated breath.

Congratulations on your issue. I would like to comment on certain aspects of it:

- (1) Your models were excellent.
- (2) Your photography was very good but did disguise diapers more than necessary.
- (3) Diapers were but bits of cloth rather than the thick bulky articles they should be.
- (4) Lots of picture stories but not much prose. We would like to think that there would be a Ron-Linda story in every issue.

They (Ron-Linda stories) are great from the standpoint of these people excited by these things and, no matter what particular attitude one might have, whether dominant, a novice, experienced or subdominant, a punisher or a punisher, they are replete with great and adventurous ideas.

I cannot but consider your infantilism superior to other aspects of RUBBER LIFE but doubtless others have other preferences, too. Nevertheless, judging from your letters to the editor, infantilism is the most popular.

Diapers should always be bulky. That should be a common denominator of all photos featuring them. It would be nice to see pages of men, boys and perhaps a few females (though the latter usually are more adult and have better control) wearing a good variation of sizes and folds of diapers. Even the smallest and tightest should, of course, still be thick and bulky. Even the thickest and bulkiest, when worn under good voluminous rubber pants, become very wet and squishy if worn long enough without a change. I am sure that my acquaintance finds them most punitive if not changed soon enough. Often, diaper rash results. Very entertaining to see.

Again, congratulations. The prime purpose of this note is to let you know that my issue arrived here.

How about a big pair of one piece button-back, dropseam, footed, pink Dr. Denton's for one of your baby boys. They are very effective.

A.H.M.

Canada

A.H.M.:

I am sure you realize that RUBBER LIFE is still in its infancy and has a long way to go as far as garments and situations are concerned. Each issue we will do our best to get such things as Dr. Denton's for our models to wear while acting out a fantasy for you!  
Editor

Dear Barbara:

I think that you are doing a fine job with your magazine except that the issue of erotica and the appeal to the people that have an Oedipus complex and wish to return to the infant state is overdone. There are quite a number of us rubber lovers that are not inflected that way and this appeal is slightly degrading. It would also appear that the rubber outfits are not made specifically for the models since the fit is a number of times is very poor. I have taken pictures of my wife and other swinging girlfriends in rubber outfits for a number of years and have never (hardly ever) come up with stockings with so many loose wrinkles or outfits that did not fit over the breast properly. Your photographer is good but a little work could be done to find girls that fit the outfits or find someone that can make the outfits to fit the girls. I know that this is a tall order, but it has been done, especially in a few of the magazines that were produced in England.

Keep up the good work!

L.H.S.

Connecticut

Dear Miss Behr:

I really must congratulate you. Your third issue of RUBBER LIFE, just received over here, is far and away the best issue yet. The photos of Doreen and Tom being put into their diapers and pretty rubber pants are quite superb and oh, how sweet both dear little babies look, obediently sucking their pacifier! And how very sulky and sheepish both poor dearies look!

Like one of the ladies who wrote to Linda Lutes, I do not have a husband to contend in this way, but I have for some years now been responsible for the upbringing of a nephew who has been under my care since he was 14. Trained from the very beginning to the wearing of diapers and baby dresses, he is now 23, but still just as much under pet-

ticoat and diaper discipline as when he was younger. He is forced at all times in the house—and often outside too—to be dressed and treated as a baby.

My reasons for dressing him like this are twofold. Firstly, when he was younger it was because I knew that, dressed in a frock, petticoat and baby diaper, he would be kept from mixing with the other rough children in the neighborhood. Later, when I saw how effective it was, I continued the treatment because of the amusement and pleasure that it gives me to see this now big and fully grown young man literally squirming with humiliation and shame in his posity baby finery.

I have many lady friends, all of whom share my enjoyment of his baby situation. He hates having to meet them, but must do so under my orders, and I love to see the ashamed and humiliated expression on his face when he is brought shyly forward to be kissed and cuddled and made a fuss of. Usually, when he is to meet strangers for the first time, I tie baby's hands behind his back, so that he can be more easily handled and cannot resist. The ladies are then able to nurse him, give him his bottle, and even change his diapers if required, without his being able to do more than sob out his disgust and misery.

Should Baby make too much fuss, I have a very special little pacifier which can be used to quiet him. The rubber teat has been removed on this, and replaced instead by a pair of rubber pants (mailed), the legs of which have been sealed up and which are stuffed with one of his own wet diapers! By the time all this has been stuffed into his mouth, all poor baby can do is gurggle and sob pitifully, and even a few minutes of his humiliating pant-pacifier are quite enough to stop any more nonsense!

To his great embarrassment and distress, I do not confine the wearing of his baby attire to the house. My neighbors were aware, when I first commenced this discipline, of how he was dressed, as they could see his diapers and other baby things out on the line after washing. So it is no surprise to them now to see Baby out in the garden in his playpen in his little petticoats and frocks, amusing himself as best he can with his Teddy Bear and dolls and other childish toys. He gets

much teasing, of course, especially from children, but must remain there until I see fit to allow him back into the house.

When being taken out with me, for shopping or similar purposes, he still wears his diapers, rubber baby pants and a petticoat; but, to spare him too much humiliation, he is permitted to wear a kilt instead of a frock. Nevertheless, his petticoated condition is easily recognizable to most ladies, as they are of tulle and ruffle quite noisily as he walks along; also, diaper rash causes him to walk very awkwardly to avoid discomfort, which draws further attention. If asked, Baby himself must explain why, at his age, he is still in diapers and petticoats; which, of course, is intensely humiliating for him. He is often given his puerile in the street if there are not too many people about, and I have also bottle-fed him in the cinema on many occasions, to the amusement of people sitting nearby. I even put a job on him first.

His diaper and baby training will continue until I can find him a suitable wife to carry on with the same treatment. He now needs his diapers, as a baby does, for protection since he wets frequently. She would have to take full charge and "mother" him as I do. There are several young women who I knew would be delighted to take over, having already seen Baby in his infant clothes, but I must be sure that she will be sufficiently strict and firm with him, as he is still inclined at times to rebelliousness.

Again, my thanks to you, Miss Behr, for a delightful publication. Yours truly,  
J.M.  
England

Dear Mr. Behr:

I am writing to you for the second time and it's to let you know what you have done for all of us big babies. I'm sure we all agree you have really brought us all together.

Your fall issue was the greatest because you finally got diapers shown in the pictures. My question is: why provided diapers placed together in equal one? In "Did Baby Miss His Diapers" and "Baby, Baby, Baby", these babies are no bigger than I, so I know you can get regular baby diapers to fit them.

I wore Curly stretch diapers until I found Curly Deluxe were larger and then found Curly night-time which are really perfect. Now I wear all three kinds. I only found Curly deluxe and night-time diapers in a real good store and they are nowhere else so you may have to look for them. But they are great and extra thick, as I like them.

I always wear two diapers at a time whenever I put them on, and two night-time diapers really assure you that you are all secure, because they absorb a lot more also.

The models you had in this issue were the loveliest ever and I don't think I'll ever see anyone lovelier than the girl in "Did Baby Miss His Diapers" and "Rubber Nursemaid". She is what I call perfect. The panties she wore, in fact all bikini panties you show, are the real turn-ons to me. But she alone is beautiful. Your gathered black bikini bottoms are the limit to turning a person on.

The French Maid outfit is my favorite but I guess I'll have to count on you to show it, as my correspondence hasn't done a thing, which brings up my next point. Everyone wants a correspondence club, then why don't they do something about it. You have given us the perfect set-up. We know that only people with our interests will read it and respond.

All the girls I go out with are straight, as far as I know, but someone is buying up all your mags at the stand so I know my dream girl is out there. All I have to do is find her.

Reading from Linda Laker, my one of these situations is what I really dream of and Linda's answers are the way I've dreamed it should be. Like the answer to "Mother of a Baby Youth" is really exciting and "Mummy to a Babyish Husband" is the best thing that could happen to a guy. I'd cheer on my wife (if I had one) if it would make her a "determined wife" as told to Linda.

In closing, I would like inexperienced readers to know that a guy in diapers and panties represents someone who needs to know that he is truly loved and wanted. I am very much a solid man until we comes around, then I'm a cross of a solid man and whatever the woman makes me.

Baby Boy  
No. 8772M  
P.S. Let's see some nursing bras, as

one of my best moves is nursing on a tender nipple. I could do that forever.

Dear Editor:

Just a line to let you know how much I enjoy the magazine. The only thing I would like to see changed is the street clothing on the man as in the article entitled "The Tender Moment" in issue No. 2. Some of us would rather see ALL of the people in the magazine in rubber, not just some.

Sincerely,  
O.P.  
Oregon

Dear Miss Behr:

I just subscribed to RUBBER LIFE after buying issue #3 at a local magazine store. I think you have the beginning of a very good magazine. However, in some areas your staff seems to be a little negligent. I'm quite an erotica fan and have used them for some time for both erotic stimulation or as a punishment, depending on how they are given. I'd like to see more stories relating to erotica along with photos accompanying the stories. The maid in the centerfold of issue #3 is holding a double bag, not an erotica bag. The tip or handle makes all the difference in the world to the intended victim.

Sincerely,  
T.P.  
California

Donald G. York Jr.  
Archival Collection

Dear Editor:

I have been a baby most of my life; first I was kept in diapers for my bedwetting and later I tried to conceal my problem for fear of a spanking. After I left home it was only for me to get back in diapers, but I had no way of purchasing lapette items. Your magazine has provided a forum for exchange. What I have learned from correspondence in two or three letters took me four to five years of trial, error and expense. I would like to see your magazine list supply sources for adult diapers and plastic panties. It is hard for a younger baby to adjust to rubber panties. My mother always used the plastic panty since my bottom would develop a rash much easier if I had on a rubber panty.

Do print more baby girl stories and less of the brutal rubber stories. Baby Bobbie

# THE LATEX FASHION SHOW

Award-winning latex fashions worn by Lady Leanne Knight, official rubber model.

Four times each year, Lady Leanne Knight appears on the stage to model Sittweber's America's newest latex fashions. She walks before a gallery of fashion enthusiasts, and the praise and grace with which she displays these rubber garments has so inspired her audiences that they have commended Lady Leanne to be the official model for these seasonal showings. This panel of designers that she pleases before wears the trend in latex expertise, and they refer to the quarterly event as the "Royal Court of Rubber." During this (Kingdom, Lady Leanne, posing in a dreamy setting of latex latex, wears selections which had all been given designers awards by the show. The glared masterpiece and ingenuity of the "Kiss" dressing brief (sensual type) was the designers award this season, as all-day "Gleazy" dresses with their flowing latex lemons (bottom left), Two E-gives with, the "Elastic Sophie" (upper right) with her 504 shoes, and the "Pommes Jante" (lower skirt) was popular favoring of the court of experts. On the opposite page, Lady Leanne displays the creations of "Natal" stockings and the "Kiss" (top latex) as upper left. In stunning latex latex, she styled the latex latex "Gleazy" line, "Gleazy" stockings, "Natal" panties and leather boots "Pommes" (upper left) (lower left, opposite page). Again, in latex latex, Lady Leanne models the "Pommes" (lower and very "Leanne" hot pants) (upper left) (lower photo at far right).









Although her dressing room was a place of furious commotion as half a dozen gowns and more scattered in fit each garment properly, each time Lady Leanne stepped on stage with a new ensemble, it seemed as though she had walked through a veil of latex magic. At left she shows the "Suzie" apron and above, the open topped "Babe's" cover up which both caught the room's fancy for their unique construction. While wearing the "Sybil" bra in the photos on the opposite page, Lady Leanne donned the "Miss" Monsoon (opposite left). Then she stepped backstage and returned with the youthful "Lenny" bikini (left opposite right). In a more private party after the closing, conversation overhauled because designers promised that Lady Leanne's next appearance will be as unique and dazzling as this latest series.





# RUBBER LIFE





# INFANTILE RUBBERIES

Gonnie hummed happily as she busied herself preparing for her weekly "picnic" with Freddy. Only two hours to go, she thought impatiently as she withdrew a soft, red rubber bra and skirt from her bureau drawer. She folded it casually as she pondered what color rubber sheets to take. Unconsciously she fondled the skirt as she lifted the sheets one at a time. At last she felt a warm sen-

sation between her legs as she pulled the pink sheet from between several others. Carefully she placed her choices into the picnic basket. She turned and walked to the bathroom, primed a little in the mirror trying to perfect a tender pout on her pretty baby face before opening the medicine cabinet to retrieve the other essential items for their "picnic." Slowly she made her choices,



trying to keep as much time as she could: baby powder, K-Y Jelly, and a date pacifier still in its plastic wrapper, having been purchased for the occasion.

Next, a quick trip to the kitchen for her favorite baby bottle. She had allowed enough time to prepare her special formula. One more hour to go, she muttered to herself as she poured the last drop into the thermos. Now to get Freddy's outfit for the day and the diapers—must not forget the diapers—she reminded herself as she nervously scurried back to her bedroom. Slow down, slow down, she told herself for the hundredth time as she eased her pace again.

Decisively she browsed through the closet. Pull latex suit? Too confining for today. Light blue natural latex suit? Wrong color. Tentatively she considered each item until she decided to bring only a tight-fitting black rubber undershirt and matching pairs of soft, lightweight pure gum rubber bloomers. Perfect for today, she thought, smiling happily to herself.

Gathering up her painstakingly chosen items, she snuggled each of them against one another in the picnic basket. Now she had only twenty more minutes to wait. Freddy at their secret "picnic" grounds: a sparsely furnished bachelor apartment across town. Both waited impatiently each week for their special "picnic" day. Saturday, seven o'clock. Now it was time. She threw on a pair of jeans, hoisted her well-packed basket, scurried out the door to her car and drove off for the rendezvous.

Freddy was waiting just inside the door. He grabbed her and held her close, beaming. It was so evident that he was as in love with her as she was with him, and so completely happy that they could share the wonderful tantalizing enjoyment of rubber together.







Connie kissed him impulsively and said, "Have you been a good boy today?" He blushed and returned the question. She lowered her eyes and said, "I think I've been a bad little girl."

"Oh no," he said in his special infantile dialect, "we'll have to make things okay," and he rubbed his hand over her shapely rear end, took the basket from her hands and led her to the rubber-covered mattresses on the far side of the room. His quivering fingers wandered through her well-packed picnic basket, fanning each garment, enjoying the erotic thrill that was transmitted through him each time the material brushed his skin. It was difficult for him to contain the resounding desires for his child lover and her basket of treasures.

Slowly he began their well-established ritual, "Let your sweet daddy help you take off all these heavy clothes," he whispered in her ear. Together they removed all of her street clothes leaving her beautiful, soft, smooth, elastic body completely bare. With a well-practiced movement he retrieved the baby powder and began massaging the aromatic, talc into her already silky skin. Softly he rubbed it into her buttocks until she was sighing and moaning gently with controlled passion, her head rolling and her eyes slightly closed as if in infinite pleasure. Deftly Freddy took out a disposable diaper and folded it quickly. Connie simply lay back to enjoy one of her favorite luxuries—being pampered and babied by Freddy.







As he touched her, she spread her knees so that he could pull the diaper up in front. This was the moment he had waited for, when she trustingly revealed her most private self to him, in the way only a baby girl will do only for her real daddy. Anxiously he brought each side up and expertly pinned it, covering her flat tummy. Gently he cradled her in his arms as he began slipping her foot into the sensual rubber bloomers. She kissed him softly and cooed lovingly into his ear.

With her transformation nearly complete, she helped him remove his trousers, took the baby powder and massaged it lavishly over his tummy, down around his now throbbing organ, through the folds of his sensitive skin and thoroughly into his buttocks with a slow deliberate sensual motion that showed her love for every part of him. She then retrieved a triple diaper and quickly folded it, bringing it up between his legs and pinning it carefully. With each motion her breathing became more rapid. Softly she began humming as she finished pulling his matching pair of rubber bloomers up over the bulky diapers. Immediately they reached out for each other in a spirited rush to fill the void they had experienced all week. The rubber brushed against itself as their hips moved together, seeking release from the accelerating excitement.





"Come to me, baby," he whispered in her ear. His lips searched for hers and his exploring hand ventured to her waist's crotch and, with a patiently practiced movement, began massaging and squeezing her diapers between her legs. Slowly she was aroused by his quivering fingers and it wasn't long before they both reached the threshold of a mutual climax which left them shivering in muscular spasm. The peak came and flooded their bodies with an essence that inviolated every nerve ending. They relaxed with their satiated affections, both smiling peacefully.



Slowly the time slipped away as they let the total silence and afterglow engulf them. Later, Connie felt Freddy stir and smiled happily as she saw him reach into the basket again. He pulled out her little red outfit, helped her sit up and began putting it on her. When the cool rubber came in contact with her warm skin she shuddered again with delight. Without even trying to regain her composure she gently pushed Freddy back and reached into the basket to get the little 'goodies' she had wrapped up separately: the baby bottle, pacifier and a toy rubber duckie. Warm, secure and happy he relaxed as she held the bottle to his lips. An impulsive sucking motion brought the warm liquid into his mouth. He swallowed slowly, contentedly. With a half-dared realization, he felt a liquid warmth invade his loins, soaking into the triple thickness of his diaper, and he sank back deeper into the rubber-covered mattress. Soon Connie would notice and tell him that he'd been a bad baby. But she'd know that he would be. Bad babies are good too—real good!



# NURSED INTO SUBMISSION

*For the whole three days that John Warren was in the hospital for his complete physical examination and checkup, he had been sensually inspired by his nurse, Carol. Not that he had really needed a nurse, since there was really nothing wrong with him, but the doctors had insisted that he stay quietly in bed in his private room, as he had arranged for a private day-nurse so he'd have someone to talk to and someone to run errands around the hospital for him.*

*When Carol arrived and announced that she was his day-nurse, he had been both surprised and piqued by her appearance. She wore the usual immaculate white uniform of a registered and trained nurse, but Carol's dress was obviously custom-made to fit her lush body most revealingly. She seemed to be in her mid-thirties, a few years younger than John, but she immediately assumed a dominating and proprietary attitude toward him, as if she were the strict mother of a naughty child.*

Long dark wavy hair framed her regally beautiful and imperiously laughing face, and she moved with a quiet dignity that impressed John with its inner power. At first sight he was fascinated and intrigued by her feminine allure, but to himself he had to admit that he was a little bit afraid of her. She seemed so competent and so able to give orders that would be obeyed without question.

Although John had permission to use his private bath, Carol commanded him to stay quietly in bed while her first official task was to give him a thorough sponge-bath in bed. It popped into John's mind that he did not really need this bath but that she was giving it to him as a means of satisfying her own curiosity as to the details of his rugged masculine body. Certainly she made no effort to avoid seeing and even handling his male organs despite his slight feeling of modesty under the circumstances. And when he wanted to use the toilet, she insisted that he use a bedpan, under her watchful supervision.

She demanded that he allow her to feed him his meals and he was always conscious of her imperious dominating stare; silently, but obviously, critical of him. If she had not been so beautiful to look at, and if he had not felt vague hopes of having a date with her when he left the hospital, John would have been tempted to fire her because she made him feel weak and helpless.

When the doctors said that all his tests were completed and that he was a healthy specimen of young manhood and in perfect physical health, John proposed to leave the hospital and return to his well-furnished and comfortable bachelor apartment to enjoy the rest of the week he had taken off from work.

"I will come with you and continue to take complete care of you," announced Carol in a tone that would accept no argument or resistance.

"But I'm all right. And I'm a bachelor and . . ." John started to explain but Carol interrupted him bluntly, telling him where he lived, his phone number, and the name of the company he worked for.

## DON'T ARGUE, JUST OBEY

"I'll take complete care of you from now on," she told him sternly, making it an impossible order. "At least until you go back to work next week. After that we shall see how things are going. Now I will dress you so that we can go home to your place. Do not argue with me, just obey."

At his surprisingly furnished bachelor apartment, Carol allowed John to show her around and explain where everything was. Then she ordered him to bed and started giving him another sponge-bath, but this bath was different, for with no chance of interruption from doctors or nurses, she did not have to wear a gown that it was a regular sponge-bath.

The soapy washcloth and her slippery hands concentrated on his male symbol which she kept in a condition of rigid excitement. On the pretense that she didn't want to get her uniform wet or soiled, Carol stripped herself down to panties and bra, showing that her figure was as delightfully perfect as John had imagined.

After tenderly drying him, she caressed his stiffly aroused male symbol with a grainy and mildly irritating element and told him it was time for him to take his nap. John had been expecting sexual relief of some sort, and being left in this fully excited but unrelieved state nearly drove him crazy with desire. He rolled and tossed in his malodorous bed while Carol went about her duties in another room of the apartment. As he was mindlessly drifting off to sleep, he found his hands unconsciously fondling his stimulated organ and just then Carol walked silently into the room.

"What a bad little boy you are," she scolded him harshly. "You know it's very bad for boys to play with themselves like that. It gets them into bad habits. I'll have to put a stop to that right now. Take your hands away from there and stretch them out to the top corners of the bed. Be good or I'll spank you very hard."

Before John realized what was happening to him, she had him bound spread-eagled on his bed, his wrists and ankles securely tied and his untasteful maleness still rising in firm demand from his loins. Carol stared down at his helpless body with haughty, disapproving intent.

"To make you look more like the little boy you are, I'll have to make some changes in your appearance," she said, glowering over his unusual frustration and her power. She got soap and water and his saxes from the bath, and despite his pleas for mercy, she proceeded to shave off every bit of his body hair, including his arms, legs, underarms, belly and pubic areas.

## HUGE DIAPER

As the covering fast to symbolize his regression to infancy, she covered his loins in a huge diaper made of a few terry-cloth towels, complete with a huge safety pin, which covered but did not alleviate the scalding demands of his masculinity. When the doorknob rang she hastily put on her gleaming white nurse's uniform and went to answer the door, leaving him garbed like a baby and helpless on the bed.

When she returned in a few moments she was carrying several pieces of toilet tissue to John like toilet fencing. As she began firmly attaching these sections of fence to the frame of the bed, John realized what she was doing—she was changing the bed into a crib, a fitting container for a baby. The only difference was that this large crib had a lid so it so that the big baby in it could not

get out when locked in by his stern and domineering nurse.

As soon as the crib door was unsealed and the lid fastened tightly with a lock, Carol released John's hands and feet from the headgear she had previously employed. The torment of the instant when his continuously erect male member was driving John crazy with frustrated desire. He kept scratching and rubbing himself through the heavy diaper in an effort to relieve the irritation and to massage his need.

"I told you not to play with yourself there," acceded Carol angrily. "Boys have to be punished if they can't learn to obey. I'm going to have to spank you."

She removed her uniform to keep from missing it and then unlocked and lowered one side of the big crib. She brought a heavy wicker chair near and ordered John to climb out of the crib and drape himself on his stomach across her lap. In this humiliating pose he felt her remove his diaper, exposing his smooth hairless bare bottom as well as his masculine outline.

She began to spank him with her hand, alternating his stinging blows between the two cheeks. The shame he felt at being treated this way was almost as bad as the pain she was inflicting on his tender flesh with her powerful hand. In addition, he found that his stiff member was thrust between her thighs as she sat holding him on the chair, providing him with enough stimulation to be painfully tantalized but not enough to give him the release he so badly needed.

When he knew that he could not endure another second of this shaming torment, Carol thrust him up off her lap and carefully inspected both the swelling redness of his seat and the rigid firmness of his member. Apparently satisfied with what she found, she ordered him to crawl back into his crib after she had pinned the diaper back on his hairless hips. She turned and locked the side-rail of his cage, and then went about other duties around the apartment.

As the painful inflammation in his spanked buttocks began to subside, John became aware of another problem. He had to in-

flure his bladder and called Carol to inform her of his need and to let him out of the crib. She smiled gleefully as if she had been expecting his problem and then told him laughingly, "Boys can't talk about such things. That's why they have to wear diapers." Then she walked off and left him.

An hour or so later, as John was becoming increasingly and painfully aware of his need to urinate, the nurse appeared and gave him a rubber-sipped bottle to suck on. Later she spanked him some soft groovy ones and made him think the milk in the bottle. Pretending to ignore his need to empty his bladder, she again left him alone, locked in his crib and totally miserable from his many frustrations.

## SHAME AND MISERY

It seemed like hours later when John found he could hold it no longer. In horror and shame and embarrassment, he let go and soiled his diaper, wondering what his bizarre nurse's reaction would be to this proof of his enfeebled infant behavior. Presently she discovered his weakness, but she left him that way for a long time so as to increase his shame and misery.

Finally she came in and announced that she would change him. With tainted offensiveness she removed the soiled diaper and disposed of it. She washed, dried and powdered that area of his body, and applied more of the irritating ointment to his freshly aroused organ to bring his sexual frustration at an almost unbearable peak of excitement. Then, as if talking to herself, she announced that he needed no cream.

This was too much, and John began to object violently. At first signs of protest, she dragged him out of the crib and placed him face-down across her bare thighs, his erect member being buried between those firm smooth columns in such a way that he was further stimulated but not relieved. She spanked him heavily on his already inflamed seat until he was nearly crying with pain and humiliation, even though he did not dare to really use his full male strength to resist her domination.

## NEWEST ASSAULT

When she had finished his painful penalty to her satisfaction, she put him back in the crib and stretched the bag, tube and nozzle for the cream. He begged her to spare him this indignity, but she told him she knew best what the baby needed, and proceeded to force quarts of warm water into his intestines, until he thought he would explode from this newest assault on his weakness. Then she left him naked and locked in the crib.

Before she returned an hour later, John was really sure that he was going to rupture something inside himself. He was sweating from the strain of holding back, but even at its worst he could not let himself foul his bed, thus proving her absurd claim that he was a helpless baby and needed her care.

Finally she released him from his cage and allowed him to go to the bathroom alone to relieve the intolerable pressure in his bowels, although she sternly warned him against playing with himself sexually to give himself relief in that way. Then she bathed him all over, applied more of the irritating ointment to his male organ, pinned on his diaper, and put him to bed for the night, locked in his crib in all his humiliation and frustration and misery. He knew that this first day at home from the hospital had been complete disaster and total domination for him under the terrible female power of his strange nurse.

During a restless night he had nightmares in which his enfeebled sexual growth under Carol's domination was about to result in an actual removal of the process of his being born. This dream fantasy further excited his irritated and stimulated confusion so that his desire was so intense he could hardly endure it.

When Carol reappeared in the morning she gave him a rubber-sipped baby bottle with milk to nurse on, then she began to get him ready for the coming day. To further stimulate and tantalize his masculine needs, she was wearing a white nurse's uniform that was really a micro-mini-skirt made of rubber. It revealed every



contour of her body from the neck to the thighs. It was evident that she was wearing absolutely nothing under the exciting mid-dress, for the dark points of her thin nipples were plainly visible as they protruded outward. Whenever she sat down or bent over, thrilling intimate details of her female anatomy were clearly visible to John's peering.

Carol's idea of dressing him for the day was suitable for a real tiny baby, but it was only a source of more shame for the mother and sister John. In addition to his diaper she now placed a large pair of pink rubber pants over his diaper and, when finally in place, the suggestion of the rubber gave it a wrinkled appearance. The bulging of the inner diaper also made it appear as if the rubber pants were inflated. Next she clad him in a tiny, short frilly white dress that barely came down over his hips. In addition, the dominating mass pointed out to him that little babies could not walk, they could only crawl on their hands and knees. So that was all he was to be permitted to do. She made the point that if she caught him in any behavior that was inappropriate for the baby he had become, she would punish him severely enough to make him regret it. While dressing him in the humiliating little ruffled dress, she had thoroughly investigated his whole body with her hands to make sure that the shaving of his body hair had been complete. As a matter of course, she put more intimate value in his male aspect to assure its continued frustrating firmness and discomfort within the diaper.

### SENSUAL RIGHTS

She ordered him to follow her around the apartment, crawling on his hands and knees, while she went about her housekeeping chores of the day. From his low-level viewpoint John was faced almost continuously to be looking up under the continually short skirt of his mini-uniform, so that he was subjected to almost constant teasing sensual sights, with no chance for any release of his male desire.

That afternoon she inflicted an even more tantalizing experience upon his frustrated eyes. She claimed aloud that the formula he had been nursing from the bottle did not seem to agree with his digestion. Therefore, she was going to have him attempt to get his milk directly from her breasts. John was both alarmed and pleased as she carried out her threat.

She sat on the edge of the crib and had him sit beside her, half leaning across her lap. She opened the top of her flimsy white uniform dress, fully exposing her firm full high breasts. She slapped his hands away as he reached for her, and then turned his face so that his mouth contacted with one of her erect nipples. She warned him of severe punishment if he should bite her, AND THEN SHE ORDERED HIM TO NURSE GENTLY AND CARESSINGLY ON HER TIT. He obeyed, and she smiled with satisfaction as the thrill he was providing for her. Soon she made him work on her other breast, and she allowed this sensual suckling for some time, even though they both knew that it was physically impossible for him to get any real nourishment from her non-functioning glands. This truce of motherhood could serve only to thrill her and frustrate him, as was her craft intent. The longer he sucked and kissed her breasts the more maniacally excited he became. He knew that Carol was well aware of the sexual torment she was causing him by permitting him the preliminary manuevers that would normally lead to sexual release for him. But both parties knew that there was no chance of her allowing him the orgasmic relief that he so desperately needed. All he could hope for was more tantalizing torment for his member, to further inflame it and stimulate it into useless rigidity.

### EXQUISITE NAKEDNESS

When she was fedbled with this face of nursing him on her breasts and exciting breasts, Carol informed him that she was going to take a bath. She said she dared not leave him alone, for fear the innocent, helpless little baby would manage to get into trouble somehow, so it was necessary for him to accompany her into

the bathroom while she bathed. This meant for John only that he would be exposed to even more visual stimulation without any hope of personally benefiting by it at all.

Still clad in his frilly ruffled dress and wearing his diaper and rubber pants, she made him sit on a low stool in one corner of the room. Then she poured scintillating fragrant bath oil liberally into the tub before turning the water on hard. Within seconds there was a highly aromatic aroma permeating the air and Carol was gracefully removing the diaphanous rubber mini-uniform which was her only garment. She postured and posed, writhing sensuously in her capricious midbreasts before him, stretching and contorting her trim and wonderfully padded body and letting her hands wander wantonly over her full, lush curves that John was dying to touch.

### FUTILE IRRITATION

She slowly lowered herself into the foaming tub, allowing the soft fragrant bath to envelop and caress her smooth warm skin. With soaped soap she slowly washed her entire body, giving special manual attention to some areas. She frothed her bubbly full breasts and teased the nipples into full erection. She passed her soap-slick hand repeatedly in and out between her firmly tapering thighs and all around the plump hillocks of her buttocks. John was intently intine with the unquenched fire of his tandy members. He wanted her but all he was allowed to do was suffer the futile irritation of his inflamed male emblem while watching her intentionally aggravate his problem with wilfully sensuous actions.

That evening John endured another painful and draining spanking for having wet his diaper again. He continued to be amazed at his docile submission to his cruel and tyrannical domination of every facet of his life, but he knew completely that he did not dare openly defy her in any way. The more she tormented him with her beauty, the more he needed her for relief; but he realized that he would never get it without her permission, and she would probably never give it. He could not even guess when the future would hold for him, or if he would ever escape from her unceasing power.

The next morning Carol bathed him thoroughly and made certain that he was still completely hairless except for his head. Then she applied more of the irritant oint to his organs so that it would maintain his futile stiffness all day. Clad only in his diaper and rubber pants he was left locked within his crib while the nurse made some secret phone calls and then left the apartment for a while. When he heard her unlock the front door upon her return, John was horrified to hear several other female voices accompanying her with gap girlish chatter. He could not escape, and he was wearing only the diaper and rubber pants.

### SHAMEFULLY IMPRISONED

Accompanied by three other girls, Carol once came into the bedroom, glancing quickly to make sure that her fugitive overgrown baby was still as shamefully imprisoned as when she had left. The other girls were about Carol's age and were all exceedingly attractive in modishly short mini-dresses and high heels to set off their intentional glances. Like the girlfriends of any new mother, these girls had come to inspect the new baby and hear all about him and the problems of taking care of a helpless infant.

"Naked little babies are so cute," giggled one girl suggestively to Carol. "Especially little boy babies. Don't you think so, girls?"

"I agree completely," replied Carol, almost with the pride of a young mother about to show off her son. She reached quickly through the bars of the crib and removed his rubber pants and checked his diaper for wetness. Being dry she unpinned and yanked it from him and immediately his aroused and inflamed state became evident to all the eagerly watching girls. They all giggled and laughed at his obvious condition, tremendously increasing John's shame.

"I understand they sometimes get like that, even when they are so very young," giggled one of the girls while pointing her fin-



get in trouble at John's rigid organ.

"Imagine a tiny infant trying to act like a grown man—in that department," laughed another girl teasingly.

"And a baby's skin is so soft and smooth," cooed the third girl. "Is it all right, Carol, if I feel him all over to see how silky smooth his body is?"

"Of course, dear," replied Carol and she shot a menacing stare at John to warn him not to resist her friends, no matter what they might want to do to him. "Help yourselves in playing with him. Do anything you wish. He's all yours, for fun and games of any sort."

The girls all gathered around the crib and reached through the bars to poke and fondle and caress his helpless helpless nude body. John did not even dare wriggle away from their cruelly inquisitive hands for fear of Carol's wrath.

"How old is he?" asked one girl, probing him intimately with a perfectly manicured finger.



"This is only his fifth day under my care," replied Carol jeeringly. "And it's amazing how much has to be done for him—and to him. Sometimes he almost seems to resent my intimate attention to his body."

"That little boy's dings between his legs there, would it be all right if I touched it and played with it a little?" asked the third girl. "I've always wondered what a baby's dings felt like. As distinguished from a man's, that is."

"Help yourself, do anything you want, girls. I'm sure he won't object at all," Carol told him sweetly. "But don't be too rough in fondling his little dings. It might go off like a firecracker. He wants it to go off, I'm sure, but I don't think he's old enough for me to permit that yet."

All the girls were playing with his body, and John was nearly crazy with frustrated urges boiling within his pent-up loins. Every moment he expected his masculine urges to erupt in a flood of ejaculation, but the girls never quite stimulated him to the point of orgasm, always keeping him just on the frantic verge of relief. John knew he would die if he did not somehow achieve release of the post-up male fluids that had been torturing him for so long.

"Is he a good baby, Carol?" asked a girl. "Or do you have to punish him often?"

### CRUEL PAIN AND HUMILIATION

"I have him trained a little already," said Carol. "Not so fully trained as he will be before I'm through with him. Every now and then I have to punish him by spanking him on his smooth hairless bottom. It's his lot of fate for me."

"I wish he'd be bad now, so I could watch you spank him. I'd love that. Or maybe you'd let me help you spank him. Hard enough so the marks of my hands would show on that tender smooth white flesh," suggested another girl.

"Hey, I have an idea, girls," laughed Carol eagerly, looking around at her friends. "How about my personal favorite bad—very bad. Then we can all hold him on our laps, and all spank him at once."

Immediately John was dragged out of his crib, and the four girls sat down in a row on the edge of the bed. He was stretched out on his stomach across their exposed thighs, his stiff inflamed organ, as usual, pressed tightly between the smooth warm columns of a girl's thighs, providing unswayed stimulation. All eight hands began to spank him, covering his whole backside from nape to ankles, but concentrating their stinging blows on his directionless seat. The girls were all laughing at this bizarre game and trying to outdo each other in the strength of their blows. The searing pain and the cruel humiliation easily had John in tears of frustration and he wondered how much more of this terrible domination he could endure.

Fearing with the violence of their exertions, the girls finally stopped and dumped John's contorted body off onto the floor where he cowered in abject misery. Then one of the girls asked Carol, "What are you going to do with him eventually? How long are you going to keep him for a pet?"

### ETERNAL DOMINATION

"I don't know," replied Carol thoughtfully. "I haven't decided yet. Why are you asking?"

"When you are through with him, I'd like him. I'm sure there are some very exciting tricks I could teach him. Things I'd enjoy, but he wouldn't."

"Me too, me too," called the other girls. "I want him for a while, a few months, before you give him his freedom."

"Well, we'll see. I really haven't made up my mind about him yet," said Carol. "By the time I'm really through with him, you girls might not want what's left of him."

So John knew that his future was all settled, and that the release of his manly desires would not be allowed for a long time to come.

# RUBBER LOVERS

PERSONAL ADS FROM RUBBER LOVERS WHO WANT TO MEET AND KNOW YOU!

**No. 4341M, CONNECTICUT:** Excitingly dominant, good looking, well built, B blood male searching for attractive, passionately female under 35 to mutually explore erotic methods of sexually gratifying humiliation, anal water sports and toilet service while dressed in erotically beautiful rubber clothing. Girls with bizarre curiosity for animal training considered. All replies with photo and phone answered discreetly. Will travel.

**No. 3984C, MD:** Young couple would like to correspond with others, male or female, in regards to rubber baby pants, diapers and other related infantilism experiences. We have lots of photos and experiences to exchange. Please send photo similar to ours. Write today. All letters answered.



**No. 4470M, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA:** Age 32, 5'7", 145 lbs. Seeking females (30 girls OK) & couples who enjoy giving and receiving scenes. Also interested in obtaining photos and S&M movies of females receiving scenes. I am passive or dominant, very versatile. Other interests include French, Greek, mild spanking, rubber diaper discipline. Can travel, very sincere. Discretion demanded and assured. Recent photo and explicit letter guarantee prompt reply. Promise to answer all. Send SASE if you wish not to be called. See Photo.

**No. 4247E, HOUSTON:** Experienced domestic works all willing slaves from the local area for my training school of English arts. Excellent equipment repertoire. Imaginative education in B&D, S&M, leather, rubber, T.K., French, Greek, and water sports. Write me, slave! Enclose SASE, photo, and phone when possible. No racial or age barriers.



**No. 4341F, NEW YORK CITY:** Tall, exotic, blonde mistress, part American Indian. You will be bound to please this disciplinarian as your fantasies become realities in rubber. Rubber bondage is the name of the game in her house. Send SASE. See Photo.

**No. 4329M, PENNSYLVANIA:** Discreet professional gentleman, late 30's, enjoys rubberwear—latex fitting and close, full coverage and partial. Would like to have opportunity to establish relationship—at any level desired—with girl of similar interest. No personal interest in B&D or related, but willing to help if you have a moderate interest in same. Please write for more information. Will not press if you decide you're not further interested. Sincere and understanding.



**No. 4327M, NEW YORK CITY:** Male, 29, interested in corresponding and meeting with males & females into infertile. I am still in diapers and rubber and plastic pants. I am willing to be "adopted" by family and am interested in meeting women able to nurse. All sincere letters answered. Thanks. See Photo.

**No. 3812Y, DETROIT AREA:** Dominant, discreet, woman available to gentlemen who need proper assistance in discipline, exercising, TV, all cultures, scenes, etc. Photo, phone and SASE. See Photo.

**No. 4329M, MARYLAND:** Desires answers from any locale from rubber, B/D - S/M minded females from 20's to 40, (30 OK) for meetings/ sessions only or to live in. Marriage a possibility. Submissive girls/couples also apply. I am considerate, fun, but know what you need to reach those greater heights. Make fantasies physical realities. Marriage prospects should like dating, movie, tennis, have social presence and like all-over tan. Have the place and personality for good times. Am 25, medium height, have trim solid build, am experienced/versatile in the activities mentioned in this publication.

**No. 4330C, ALABAMA:** Couple, 33 & 34, wish to meet AC/DC single girl or couple, single men considered. B&D, water sports, and other arts. Photo and phone for reply.

**No. 4032M, PORTLAND, OREGON:** Single girl only. Good looking, 21 year old male, 6' tall, 148 lbs., brown eyes, dark brown hair, who looks like a semi-long tanned bearded lion, is looking for an aggressive tigress to play with and smother with love in rubber or plastic sheets. Should have rubber/latex wardrobe. No humiliation. All I ask is to be smothered with love, the rest is up to your imagination. Girl must be beautiful inside and out. Send photo and a SASE. No guys please.

**No. 4373M, CALIFORNIA:** 31 year old Caucasian male, good looking, wants to correspond with females interested in latex, spankings, Greek, French, water sports, enjoys tight fitting rubberwear, rubber chest wax, gold-an showers. Write soon with detailed letter of experience and/or desires. Will answer all. Photo and phone would be appreciated. I enjoy all of above mentioned.

**No. 4361M, BROOKLYN, N.Y.:** Young male, 23 years of age, 6', 167 lbs., interested in rubber and leather. Would like to hear from female with similar interests. Send photo and phone for quick reply.

**No. 4040M, CALIFORNIA:** Male Caucasian, 5'9", 150 lbs., needs rubber attire. Will be your total slave. Dress me in rubber and command me. San Diego area. Write soon.

**No. 44296, NEW YORK:** Young girl, 21, submissive, desires to hear from and learn about discipline, spankings, scenes from all. Please send action photos & details. Absolute strict discipline of young girls, students and children.



**No. 44298, FLORIDA:** Fun-loving, intelligent and understanding guy wishes to correspond and meet with kinky girls interested in all aspects of sexual relationships. You name it, I do it. My special interest is in the rubber-scene area. I am very experienced, kind, and understanding. Why not drop me a line and see what develops. See Photo.



**No. 44344, SC CAROLINA:** Rubber baby diaper girl wants to hear from rubber baby boys and girls or baby couples who enjoy scenes. Linda/Ron infatuation, diaper discipline and rubber petticoat punishment and training. I am a lifelong rubber baby who still has to use rubber pants for practical and fun purposes. I have a huge collection of photos, drawings, stories and personal experiences to share with the slippers. Highly skilled in a lifetime of rubber baby training, my rubber baby (see photo) and I await your quick reply with your photo in rubber and SASE. I'm very discreet, so don't deny yourself the pleasure I can give. Write today! See Photo.



**No. 44344, LONDON:** Incontinent - pussy - bedwetter - English male baby loves his diapers and waterproof rubber panties. Need strict American or English nurse for full scenes. Baby high chair feeding, rubber bottles, pretty pinafores, pinaettes, dummies, nipples, full discipline, cane, birch, bondage, rubber boots, rubber romper suits, machine-knit sheets. See Photo.

**No. 44353, ATLANTA, GA:** Dominant Southern Belle with suburban dumpsey enjoys bondage, discipline and water sports. Wants to hear from and meet singles and couples. Discretion expected and assured. Write soon.

**No. 44316, N.E.C.:** Beautiful slave girl with 6'2" blonde master seeks submissive couples, females and TV's to help her serve him, or couples where one is dominant. Interests include French, Greek, bondage, discipline, humiliation, and water sports. Photo & phone a must.

**No. 44327, NYWA:** Dominant discreet female would like to hear from and meet couples and gals interested in S&D, spanking and water sports. Male available when needed. Send photo if possible.

**No. 44477, TEXAS:** Young 22 year old female, 38-24-38, 125 lbs — S&D, water sports and French devotes — desire correspondence and meetings in my home with males, females and couples of any race. Must be sincere. Photo-photos appreciated — SASE a must. Travel very limited but can entertain.



**No. 44308, INDIANA:** Attention girl! What you see is what you'll get if you're willing. Dominant male, 35, is looking for gals who like rubber, canis, bondage. No discipline unless you want it. I am intelligent, experienced, and of passable countenance. Above all, I know where to stop. This could be a lifetime arrangement for the right girl. No kidding. Photo appreciated. See Photo.

**No. 44348, MINNAPOLIS:** Gargantuan, Bismarkian seeks submissive males and females for training. I have the equipment and know-how to use it very well! I am a perfectionist in what I do or demand. I like exotic leather goods, water sports, much more... Photos far sale, too. Get off your ass and respond now! Describe wants or needs in full. Send SASE, photo and phone if possible. I'll correspond with other dominants like myself.

**No. 44378, MAINE:** Young man, 24 years old, 5' tall, 175 lbs, with nice apartment and lots of free time to play. Seeks SMALL, WHITE girl to 35 to take care of me. I need my diapers changed and love to wear lace and ruffled panties and shortie night gowns. You must enjoy diapers, petticoat and water sports. Never tried water sports but I'm ready to start with the right one. I'm looking for a relationship. FIRST ad anywhere. Please, Please come . . . NURSE me. See Photo.

**No. 44344, PENNSYLVANIA:** Male, mid 30's, attractive and educated, likes rubber-wear and high scenes. Have fantastic collection of rubber clothing and scene apparatus. Philadelphia suburb but will travel NYC-DC area. Reply with phone number if possible. Discretion assured.

**No. 44376, DELAWARE:** Bondage enthusiasts wish to correspond and exchange personal b/w bondage photos with single girls and couples only (no single men or failed). Dominant husband snaps photos to please. Love rubber and satin clothing. Bondage photos of her a must for reply.

**No. 44382, MINNEAPOLIS:** Arrogant bi-dominant accepts submissive males and females. Am a leather-rubber gal experienced in bondage and proper discipline. Also fond of French and Greek cultures and water sports.

**No. 44383, SAN FRANCISCO & MIAMI:** Beautiful young dominant female & good looking gay friend want submissive male and female slaves to obey our commands. I demand strict obedience in restraint, discipline, humiliation & water sports. Photo & phone only receive answer. No it now.



**No. 44392, PHOENIX, ARIZONA:** Leather Queen with interests in S&D, water sports and servility will consider sincere applications from docile ladies and males. Enclose photo, SASE and phone. See Photo.

**60. ASAMI, NEW YORK:** Gargantuan over-sized 11-dimensional seeks automotive males and females to train in mechanical I have the equipment and know-how to use it very well! I am demanding and aggressive and enjoy all cultures. I may make you do it forever! Women will be bound to please, or disciplined & restrained. Fantasies become realities at my command. My interests rubber and leather garments, bondage and flagellation, french and Greek cultures. My very fond of indoor water sports, the golden shower and petticoat punishment. TV's my welcome. To assume an immediate role, describe wants or needs in full. Send SASE, photo and phone. I'll correspond with other dominants like myself.



**Ms. 440009, MICHIGAN:** Rubber baby boy wants to meet or correspond with those interested in diaper discipline, baby games, rubber pants, mild B.B. spanking and water sports. A photo in your *SWF* will insure a quick reply. See Photo.

**No. 4481F, HOUSTON:** Submissive Beauville, main interest female humiliation, others: French, Greek, Roman & water sports. Will meet interested sincere couples. Correspond with me. Moving to east. Photo, phone, no P.O. boxes.

Ms. 408-47, CALIFORNIA.  
Dominant or submissive gay  
winks to meet all interested  
in B/D, water sports, humili-  
ation. Send photo and frank  
letter. Will do all and more.

**No. 4033M, CENTRAL WISCONSIN.** Single Caucasian male, 22, seeks dominant female or couple to train me in water sports, french, Greek, infatuation and anything you demand. Promise to serve. All answered, I will travel to you. Photo and phone appreciated.



No. 4443M, MASSACHUSETTS: Mid-teenie rubber diaper boy wants to hear from rubber loving girls interested in infertilitim, diaper discipline and baby games. Photo, phone, will answer all. See Photo.

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2. Write the scale number of the person that you wish to contact on the lower right hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address the envelope and mail it for you.

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**DOI:** 10.1002/jbm.b.10769

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100

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**Abstract**

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**CIRCLE 158** Listing will follow code number in ad.

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1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1996, 33, 1, 1-14.

I am enclosing my ID on a separate sheet of paper with my name and address printed.

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☐ Lady's or couple's personal ad without photo, 15.00 per insertion.  
☐ Male personal ad, 15.00 per insertion.

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Mail to: HOUSE OF MILAN CORP., P. O. BOX 24080, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90024

Dear Editor:

I want to say thanks for your magazine, RUBBER LIFE. It is truly a great one. I enjoy your articles on water sports and other related articles. Please keep up the good work.

I noted in one of the issues you asked for the readers to share their experiences. So here is mine. My wife and I truly enjoy each other. I am very much dependent upon her for my needs. She takes care of me like a baby. I have the various equipment a baby would have. I use Sears diapers, which fit just fine. I have my own diaper pail and changing table. I am a constant bed wetter, for which my wife keeps me in diapers and on rubber sheets. When we watch television I am kept on rubber sheets. Every Saturday morning she changes my public hair. After all, babies have no hair there.

She has made me the cutest cutie, mostly from flannel with various baby prints. The real humiliation comes when baby goes out. As much as I would love to go out all dressed like a baby, it is prohibitive. When we do go out I am, of course, in diapers and rubber pants but I do have slacks that look sort of childish and a top with one of the cartoon characters on it. Once in a while she brings her diaper bag with her. This is when we will be out for a long time. I have been changed in the back seat of the car in the middle of a store parking lot. That is really great and humiliating. I have also been changed at the drive-in movie. People have walked by and given us some looks. I really love it. There is much more I could write but I have given you some of the highlights. Right now I have wet pants and Mama has to change me soon.

Thanks again for RUBBER LIFE. I hope it gets better with each issue, which it has already. Keep it up, babies. Sincerely in rubber, R.C.

New York

Dear Editor:

My wife and I really enjoy your magazine. I've gotten all three issues and we frequently re-read them before going to bed. They are very stimulating.

I'm writing you to tell you about an experience we had recently that got me excited just thinking about it. We were invited to a dress-up

Halloween party. Sara, my wife, dressed as a vampire and I dressed as Count Dracula. I had bought some Halloween rubber masks for us to wear. Sara wore a long white dress and wig. I wore a mourning suit and long black cape with a high collar. After we were dressed, Sara suggested we wear our black rubber hoods under the masks. It sounded great!! We both put on our rubber hoods and rubber masks, and adjusted the wigs and collar so nobody could see the black latex encasing our heads. Of course, at the party we could not remove the Halloween masks without revealing we were wearing the rubber hoods underneath. We were out in public, condemned to wear rubber hoods all evening. It was great!! We wore them five hours. Finally we rushed home, tore off everything but the rubber hoods, jumped into bed and relieved our pressures. I still get excited about it. I've just had to tell somebody about it, somebody who would understand.

Keep up that great mag. How about more stories about older couples in complete rubber suits and hoods and loss of this diaper baby stuff. Yours in rubber, S.L.

Dear Barbara:

After reading and re-reading all through issues of RUBBER LIFE, I am compelled to write some of my views. First of all, I must congratulate you on your fine publication. Keep up the good work. RUBBER LIFE has been a long time in coming, may it be around for a long time. My only wish is that it could be published more often.

I have been a confirmed lover of rubber since early childhood. To this date, I can remember whenever I was sick, my mother would give me an enema. My mother would place me across her lap, which she covered with a rubber apron, and I would be made to take and hold as much hot soapy water as possible. The combination of the rubber apron pressing against my body and being given an enema at the same time would excite me. As I grew older I would pretend to be sick just so I could feel the rubber apron and have my insides filled with soapy water. It was not until later years that I felt the full impact of what rubber and enemas could do to one's body.



I have often wondered if it would be practical for a "hospital" to be set up and run by rubber clad "doctors" and "nurses". A patient could admit himself to the hospital for specialized treatment for his particular "illness". I would like to hear reader comments on this subject if possible.

Can any of your readers help me locate a special colonic device? Several years ago a gentleman and a colonic device through a health magazine. His idea was that a clean body was a healthy body. The device was a large hot water bottle which held about six quarts of water. It had a valve on one side which an attachment would screw into. The patient would fill the bag and then sit down on it. The long handled valve would stick out between his legs. Turning the valve would regulate the water pressure. I had one of these devices, but in moving around it somehow got lost. Can anyone help me locate one of these instruments?? I can just imagine what a strong-willed rubber nurse could do with one of these in her possession.

Attached is a picture of me clad from head to toe in wet rubber, holding one of my favorite devices. This picture would be a good companion to your centerfold in Vol. 3 of RUBBER LIFE. You have my permission to print this picture if you think it is worthy of appearing in RUBBER LIFE. Very truly yours, R.F.T. California

Editor's note: *Moments of Milan* can now supply the enema equipment you described. Write to us for full information.

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Please include

\$1.50 per EACH item  
to cover postage & handling

Total Amount of Order \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older and fully understand that the merchandise I am ordering is sexually oriented.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

House of Milan, P.O. Box 240390, Los Angeles, Cal. 90024

# FEATURED GARMENTS

IN THIS ISSUE --- ALL AVAILABLE FROM "SLIMWEAR OF AMERICA" --- NOW

## THE RUBBER BAND (Page 4 through 16)

Slightly gathered "not so full" bloomers with elastic at waist and legs in natural latex. S-M-L-XL. Black and Red.  
CATHY (81KS-82188) \$24.00 + .50 post.

Thigh length pure gum rubber stockings in flesh color. S-M-L-XL.  
NAGNE (031-05054) \$6.00 + \$1.00 postage

San-briefs in pure gum rubber, flesh color. Waist sizes 28" through 36". Stock size.  
LYONAR-1540 \$4.50 + \$.50 postage

## RUBBER LOWERS UNITED (Page 20 through 26)

Pull on briefers with underfoot band in medium weight natural black or red latex. It comes in S-M-L and XL.  
SILVIA (80KS-FR444) \$19.00 + \$.50 post.

Fancy ruffles on the flowing hemline and the form-fitting crotch of the elastic waist-band combine in the DANVILLE, a following rubber delight.  
\$27.50 + \$.75 postage & handling

Beautifully matched elasticized pullovers from pure black latex. S-M-L & XL.  
SOSNOR (80KS-01103) \$9.00 + \$.50 post.

Slightly gathered "not so full" bloomers with elastic at waist and legs in natural latex. S-M-L-XL. Black or Red.  
CATHY (81KS-82188) \$24.00 + .50 post.

## THE LATEX FASHION SHOW (Page 38 through 41)

ALISA stunning briefs slightly gathered at waist and legs made of high quality rubber.  
\$8.50 + \$.50 postage

Full cut BLOOMER in pure gum rubber. Flesh color. S-M-L & XL.  
SHIRLEY (80-254) \$8.75 + \$.75 postage

Two-piece suit very well made in black sturdy rubber with 1/2 sleeves. Available in all sizes.  
DUSCHES SOPHIA \$17.00 + \$1.00 post.

Loosely elasticized suit made of pure gum rubber in amber color.  
PRINCESS ANITA (88-842) \$14.00 + \$1.00 postage & handling.

BABY tummy apron made from the finest rubber in red, orange, pale green and violet.  
\$8.00 + \$.75 postage

Coverup in pure gum rubber, flesh color available in all sizes.  
BAGGETT (80-443) \$6.75 + \$.75 postage

Full cut BLOOMER in sturdy pure gum rubber. Pink, blue, black, white, turquoise.  
MARRIN-12-084 \$7.15 + \$1.00 postage

Pull on briefers with underfoot band in medium weight natural black or red latex. S-M-L and XL.  
SILVIA (80KS-FR444) \$19.00 + \$.50 post.

TAMMY bikini rubber briefs available in beautiful colors and all sizes.  
\$7.50 + \$.50 postage & handling

Loose fitting high collar, long sleeve bloomers in pure gum rubber. S-M-L & XL. Flesh color.  
FORMAN (80-807) \$8.00 + \$.50 postage

Thigh length pure gum rubber stockings in flesh color. S-M-L-XL.  
NAGNE (031-05054) \$6.00 + \$1.00 postage

Garter belt made from sturdy heavy weight natural latex with four garters. S-M-L-XL.  
FABLETTES (80KS) \$19.50 + \$.50 post.

Thigh length form fitting stockings made of natural black latex. S-M-L-XL.  
BARRING (80KS-FR252) \$11.00 + \$1.00 post.

Delightful form fitting party made from natural pink latex with black trim.  
MITZ (80KS-LK500) \$12.50 + \$.50 post.

Polka-dot jumper suit with straps crossing the back made of natural black latex.  
LURETTA (80KS-RK103) \$7.00 + \$.50 post.

Bloomers with full regular sleeves in orange natural latex. S-M-L & XL.  
FEMME (80KS-0321) \$28.75 + \$1.00 post.

## INFANTILE RUBBERS (Page 34 through 41)

San-briefs in pure gum rubber, flesh color. Waist sizes 28" through 36". Stock size.  
LYONAR-1540 \$4.50 + \$.50 postage

Beautifully matched elasticized pullover from pure black latex. S-M-L & XL.  
SOSNOR (80KS-01103) \$9.00 + \$.50 post.

Fancy ruffles on the flowing hemline and the form-fitting crotch of the elastic waist-band combine in the DANVILLE, a following rubber delight.  
\$27.50 + \$.75 postage & handling

VALERIE mini-lux made of the finest quality rubber in a full range of exciting colors. The perfect complement for the wrap-around skirt mentioned above.  
\$29.50 + \$.75 postage

## LATEX WATER GAMES (Page 56 through 63)

Thigh length form fitting stockings made of natural black latex. S-M-L-XL.  
\$24.00 (80KS-FR252) \$25.00 + \$1.00 post

Enhanced bikini party in lightweight latex S-M-L-XL.  
TINA (81KS-FR316) \$18.50 + \$.50 post.

TAMMY bikini rubber briefs available in beautiful colors and all sizes.  
\$7.50 + \$.50 postage & handling

Pull on briefers with underfoot band in medium weight natural black or red latex. S-M-L and XL.  
SILVIA (80KS-FR444) \$19.00 + \$.50 post.

Garter belt made from sturdy heavy weight natural latex with four garters. S-M-L-XL.  
FABLETTES (80KS) \$19.50 + \$.50 post.

SHAPES transparent has perfectly made from pure natural latex.  
\$18.50 + \$.50 postage

BABY tummy apron made from the finest rubber in red, orange, pale green and violet.  
\$8.00 + \$.75 postage

Studs set made from natural latex, perfectly finished. Available in S-M-L & XL. in pink with black lace trim.  
MITZ (80KS) \$16.00 + \$1.00 postage

TO INSURE A PERFECT FIT PLEASE TURN TO PG. 17 WHERE YOU WILL FIND OUR MEASUREMENT CHART ALONG WITH OUR GENERAL ORDER FORM.

# HOW TO DESIGN AND MAKE YOUR OWN RUBBER GARMENTS

## EQUIPMENT & SUPPLIES

(Editor's note: It has occurred to us that many of our readers may have not been following these "how to do it in rubber" articles from the beginning, so we felt that a second report on the equipment and supplies needed to make rubber garments was in order.)

If you plan a garment of any design in rubber or latex, you will find it necessary to make cemented seams. Working with this kind of material, even a simple seam can be very difficult, as you may know. But with patience, the right equipment (materials and tools) and procedures, you may soon be making all of your own latex and rubber clothes. With the instructions given you are not going to be able to manufacture rubber garments, but if you follow them carefully, you will be able to produce quite passable garments with a minimum of patience and dexterity.

Rubber and latex can both be purchased by the yard, usually quite reasonably, in comparison to ready-made garments. If you are an avid fan, the sources are quite easily found. House of Milan is one such source of the sheeting, through which two different types of rubber sheeting are available: all rubber Tropitex, reversible sheets and pure pure rubber, another sheeting, which is available in a single size of 36x84 inches. The reversible all-rubber sheeting is available in two-tone only, blue on one side and flesh on the opposite. This sheeting has a tensile-strength of approximately 1200 pounds per square inch, may be sterilized repeatedly and will withstand the action of oil longer than cloth-lined sheeting. Tropitex is made entirely of natural rubber, without any cloth insertion and is urine-proof, will not crack, peel or harden. This sheeting has a gauge of .014 inches, which is quite an easy thickness with which to work. It is available in a single width of thirty-six inches in single-bed size, 36x84 inches, or in standard rolls of 25 yards for the quantity users. Also available is lightweight latex sheeting in a single size of 70x108 inches; approximately six square yards. Latex is available in a full array of colors: black, red, white, light blue, green, chocolate and yellow.

If you have decided to attempt a latex or rubber project, be it one described in this series or one designed on your own, you are going to need much of the equipment listed below in addition to your material.

- A good cement or adhesive for seam making is the kind that is generally used in tube and tire repair. Large tubes are probably available at your local auto supply store. Avoid cements intended for paper gluing, as these do not contain many desirable properties of the rubber-repair types.

- Scissors or shears, preferably a high-quality barber type, are essential. They must be very sharp, with large comfortable handles and long cutting sides (the longer you can cut without reopening the shears, the better).

- A ballpoint pen containing aniline ink, which can be readily washed away with benzine, and a narrow-width felt tip marking pen.

- A bottle of fine chemist-quality benzine.

- A quarter-inch slick brush with fairly stiff bristles and a couple of small water-color brushes.

- A roll of half-inch masking tape.

- A 60-inch tape measure and an 18-inch wooden ruler.

- A small steel roller or wheel on a handle which will be used to finish or "roll" the seams. A small steel bearing can generally be converted for this function.

- Several sheets of fine grain sandpaper.

- Fine-quality talcum powder, several cotton swabs and a tongue depressor.

- Several paper-weights.

## CUTTING PROCEDURE

Once you have obtained all the necessary equipment and materials, that lovely, large latex or rubber sheet will have to be cut. This can be a bit tricky but, with care, can be quickly mastered. It is wise, before beginning any involved projects, to practice the cutting and seaming procedures first. It is a good idea to cut off a strip of material six inches wide and the full width of the sheet (usually 36 inches) to use for experiments. After you have marked the line to be cut with your narrow-rib marking pen, rest all of the material on a table large enough so that there will be no tension on the rubber. Never cut rubber under any tension.

When your material is lying flat (and relaxed), start your cut and, as early as possible, continue it with one long stroke, but do not allow the tips of the scissors to meet. Keep the cut as straight as possible and operate the scissors as smoothly as possible so that each cut follows smoothly from the preceding cut, leaving no nicks at the edges. However, small dips and



CHECK FOR NICKS OR FLAMS

"FEATHERING"

**FIG.1**

**FIG.2**

1/2" OVERLAP

MASKING TAPE

COTTON SWAB  
WITH CEMENT

HOLD FIRM!

**FIG.3**

COUNT TO TEN!

PRESS FLAT

**FIG.4**

"ROLL" SEAM

**FIG.5**

**FIG.6**

RUBBER  
"DOUBLER"  
STRIP

peaks can be clipped off later. When you reopen the shears for each successive bite, be very careful to start the cutting again in the exact center of the "V" from the preceding cut. When the cut is finished, check both edges for flaws. These can be removed by carefully "feathering" a thin cut to remove them. Stretch out both edges just cut and look carefully for any nicks. If nicks aren't removed, they are the likely places where tears might easily start. (Figure 1)

#### **SIMPLE SEAMING PROCEDURE**

Having mastered the cutting procedure, you are now ready to experiment with seaming. The only type of seam that will hold in latex is a flat over-lap. Properly made, such a seam will be stronger than the rubber alone and will not come undone unless it is lifted.

Cut two pieces of material about six inches square. Do not tack them out, but mark straight edges carefully and make the cutting of these pieces another exercise. The seaming process, in the simplest terms, involves overlapping one piece atop another with cement between them. Overlap the rubber about one-half inch (the minimum overlap in standard thickness rubber is about three-eighths inch). Take two small pieces of masking tape and fasten each end of the seam to the table (Figure 2). The tape should secure both pieces of rubber together, as well as to the table. On longer seams it will be necessary to "tack" the seam about every eight inches with masking tape. This will provide a great help in controlling the seam as it is being cemented.

The cement should be applied with a small cotton swab or with a fitch brush (when the fitch brush is employed a slightly different procedure is needed and will be explained in a later installment). Press a small amount of cement out of the tube onto a dish near your work. Place the thumb and forefinger of your left hand a few inches apart near center of the seam, straightening and securing both pieces of overlapping seam. With your right hand dip and cover the swab with cement; insert the swab into the seam between your fingers and rapidly cover both top and bottom surfaces of the seam (Figure 3). You may find a tendency for the edges to curl away from the cemented portion—let it. Hold the rubber firmly for at least ten seconds and blow lightly into the seam. When the cement appears dry, press the two cemented sections together. Use a wooden tongue depressor (popicle stick type) or similar instrument, so that the seam can be pressed evenly (one of the fingers will often cause small lumps in the finished seam). Press the rubber together as flatly as possible (Figure 4).

Move your fingers up to the next few inches and repeat, making sure that the cement in the new section reaches back to the first cemented section. Continue until you reach within a half-inch of the end of the seam, remove the tape and finish the cementing to the end. Next, return to the center and cement the seam out to the other end. Do not allow the rubber to slip under your fingers; always press straight down on the seam so that the rubber does not move.

The next step is to "roll" the seam, the pressure of which secures the seam and disperses any soft cement within the seam. A small steel wheel or ball-bearing with a handle can be used. (Figure 5)

The first place a seam tends to come apart, if it does, is at the ends. But there is a procedure that can

be done to prevent this from happening. Cut from a scrap of your material a circle of about an inch in diameter (this will generally be referred to as a rubber disk), and cement half the circle over the seam end. Now turn the seam over, fold and cement the rest of the disk to the inside of the seam.

Finally, powder the seam to cover and dry any extra cement before it touches any other part of the garment. Excess amounts of adhesive on the outer side of any garment you are making will have to be removed with benzine.

Here are a few seaming tips: don't press a seam together while the cement is still wet. Avoid getting cement on any other part of the garment; it will distort and discolor it and is difficult to remove. Rubber usually does not require "roughing up" or "scraping," but before cementing latex with a glass, lightly sand the seam area until the glass disappears. Be sure the material is clean of powder or dirt before seaming. If high stress is to be put on the seam, it can be doubled by cutting another half-inch strip and cementing it to the inside of the garment—half the strip on each side of the seam (Figure 6) Rubber and latex can be cemented together if both are close to the same thickness. Avoid trying to cement a heavy material to a light material; the lighter material will "out-stretch" the heavy and pull away.

For the perfectionist, or those who are going to make that "masterpiece" garment, here are some advanced seaming procedures. Measure and mark exactly how wide the seam is to be on each piece; a half-inch, for instance. Run a strip of masking tape a half-inch from the edge and along the entire seam length on each piece; leaving the hypothetical half-inch exposed for the cement. This full-length tape will keep the cement from spreading any further onto the material than the half-inch desired. Next, "back" the entire seam area with masking tape all the way to the edge. This backing tape will inhibit the seam from curling back when cemented. The cement can now be applied to both pieces on the half-inch area. Be sure the cement is applied to the underside of one edge and the topside of the other, so the two surfaces will match. The initial cementing is followed by a second coat after the first has dried. The two pieces are then pressed together in the half-inch lap. Very carefully the tape is then removed and the seam rolled and powdered.

(These special followers of Rubber Life, who have been reading this series religiously, may recall that, in the last issue, we promised to follow up with an application of the saved seam. Since then, we have received numerous complaints that we have been progressing too fast. As a result, we have elected to print a second report on the equipment and supplies needed to make rubber garments. Those of you who would like detailed instructions for a project involving the curved seam can obtain a copy of the directions by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to House of Milan, Rubber Repair, P. O. Box 24880, Los Angeles, California 90024.)

#### **RUBBER SHEETING ORDER FORM**

- ☐ Cat. No. 738: All rubber THORPETER two tone Mod/Black 36x48 sheets ..... \$7.99 ea.  
☐ Cat. No. 463: Pure gum rubber, either color, sheet one-half laminated 36x48 ..... \$8.99 ea.

House of Milan, P.O. Box 24880, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

# Advice From The RUBBER NURSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Dear Linda:

I'm new to the "lively world of underground rubber life" and I'm enthusiastically exploring its depths. Consequently, I'm awestruck and long for the special jargon of rubber life of which I understand. To that end, I've a number of questions to pose to you. I would sincerely appreciate having all of the following questions defined. Best goes:

**GOLDEN SHOWERS:** Golden showers, humiliation as it pertains to the shower, petticoat punishment, diaper discipline, French arts, Greek arts and water sports, S&M, AC/DC, S&M, domestic discipline, petticoat training, French teasing, flagellation, indoor water sports, baby discipline, old English style domestic discipline, and rubber discipline? Whoooo! Time to take a breath!

Please include what they mean, are, and their implications.

Thank you for your patience with us beginning students of rubber life.

Ms. R.B.

San Diego, Ca.

Dear Ms. R.B.:

You've asked a hell of a lot of questions and I guess a lot of other newcomers would like to know about them too.

**GOLDEN SHOWER:**

The Golden Shower is the act of one person urinating on another who likes it.

**PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT:**

Petticoat punishment is usually the game of a dominating female dressing her submissive male in little girl's clothes to humiliate and punish him.

**DIAPER DISCIPLINE:**

Diaper discipline or infantism, is a humiliating punishment similar to petticoat punishment. The dominating female puts her submissive male back into baby diapers and rubber pants and makes him use them for the purpose intended. This has many variations and can be done to girls who desire to be treated back into infants.

**FRENCH & GREEK ARTS:**

F&G arts are oral and anal erotic stimulation between two people.

**WATER SPORTS:**

Water sports are common. Either alone, with permission or by force. The person is made to hold the semen for long periods.

**S&M:**

S&M is "sex addressed stamped envelope" used to mail back copies from a personal ad.

**AC/DC:**

AC/DC means people who whiffing with their own sex or with the opposite sex.

**S&M:**

S&M is sadism and masochism, the definition of each is in the dictionary.

**DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE:**

Domestic discipline is domination by either a male or female of another by making the dominated one reverse his role and perform the other's normal job, i.e., a wife dominating her husband and makes him a maid around to her whims. This can take in all forms of humiliation and punishment as mentioned above.

**PETTICOAT TRAINING:**

Petticoat training is training a boy or man to dress and behave as a girl. It is also related to TV (transsexual). That's in the dictionary too!

**FRENCH TEASING:**

French teasing should be anything. You know how versatile these Frenchmen are! Hoooooooooooooooooooo.

**FLAGELLATION:**

Flagellation is the humiliation of the person by whipping.

**INDOOR WATER SPORTS:**

Indoor water sports is the old scene again. This time let them too shy and reluctant to do it out-of-doors.

**OLD ENGLISH STYLE DISCIPLINE:**

Old English style discipline is with the BISHOP-ON-THE-BUTT, COVERGROSS-IN-THE-BED bits, spanking, caning and other humiliating punishments are in this one.

**RUBBER DISCIPLINE:**

Rubber discipline is S&M or S&M games done with rubber garments and rubber straps, etc.

Linda

Dear Linda/Lorrie:

I read with great interest your excellent letters and answers. I have just become a subscriber to the fantastic RUBBER LIFE. I think it's the greatest magazine available, and all the articles inside it are superb.

Although I have a liking for rubber knickers and panties, my main passion is for plastic knickers, ranging from cheap five plastic baby panties to various other kinds of plastic panties, including plastic stimulating Panties-Flaunt Incontinent Panties. It all started when I was just about four years old. My mother used to pour me a hot bath (we had no hot or cold running water those days). It was always made too hot and she insisted on picking me up and dropping me into the almost-boiling water. One Sunday we had company and she poured the bath and told me to get in and then get to bed. Well, as soon as she left, I stood there with nothing on, just dreading the thought of getting in that hot water. Then I noticed a pair of plastic baby pants under the bath. It had a younger brother at the time) so I put them on and then I got into the bath and the plastic panties seemed to take the burning away.

This went on for a considerable length of time, I no longer hated the bath as long as I had my plastic knickers to wear. Anyway, to cut a long story short, I was hooked on plastic knickers. I gradually obtained several pairs, and when I reached the age of puberty, I was wearing plastic panties often, so I kind of associated the knickers with sex, and now I get very excited at the sight of plastic panties (baby pants) on washing lines. I have about 145 pairs of plastic knickers and as many photos. I am very lucky to have a wife who alone satisfies me but also became very fond of plastic panties and we also have a few pairs of rubber knickers which we enjoy.

I was wondering if you had any letters from people who also like plastic panties. I have an ad coming out in the next issue of RUBBER LIFE, but I thought you may know of anyone who likes plastic panties and is looking for someone who wishes to write about these pleasures?

Also, do you know of any outlets in the States where you can purchase very soft adult size plastic panties? If anyone should know, you should.

I hope you all enjoy on the occasional work that you are now doing; rubber baby party studies still turn me on.

Yours truly,

A.W.

Canada

Dear A.W.:

Thank you for your letter. Bonnie and I thoroughly enjoyed it. As to your question, I have had very few letters from others who enjoy plastic panties as opposed to rubber ones. I don't now know of anyone who shares your interest in plastic panties, but your ad should bring some copies. As to a supplier of plastic panties I suggest you write the editor of HOUSE OF HELEN who might be able to help with a name and an address. Plastic Incontinent pants are readily available in many stores in the States. Try to order Sears & Roebuck catalog. They have some advertised. Linda



*Kim's wife could never dreamed her boss shared her love of latex sports...until she found out why she was hired!*



## WATER GAMES FOR LATEX FANS

"Oooooohhhhh," squealed Harriet as Kim grabbed the water-filled baby bottle, squeezed it and shot the warm liquid onto her belly, where it promptly ran over her tight-fitting, shiny black latex panties down her leg and back on Kim. Again she shot it out, this time to

land above Harriet's mottled latex bra, partly seeping in, the rest cascading down her onto the gleaming slippery rubber sheet. Both laughed uncontrollably. The tenseness of the day, week, year wore away by the second. It was so good to laugh—so good to have fun—so good to make the other feel so incredibly nice to be normal. Here they were in Harriet's house just being themselves, not weirdos. They both loved rubber and if they didn't love each other they were at least completely at ease together because they could be themselves.

It had been six months since Harriet answered the personal advertisement she had seen in the paper:

**PRIVATE NURSEMAID AND COMPANION  
WANTED. LIVE IN. BOX T-221**



It was a rather normal, dry type of interview in which Kim came on very authoritative, aggressive and positive. She explained that she had some strange habits that were more than confidential and that to have the job the applicant would have to participate at least once which would be recorded so there could never be any blackmailing for Kim's unusual diversions.

Harriet was sufficiently intrigued as well as apprehensive, but she was so taken with the woman's likability that she felt she should go through with it. Her only regret was that she wasn't wealthy enough to be able to do the same thing with her 'special' interest. To actually hire someone she liked to have fun with rubber with her . . . but she consoled herself with the thought that paid fun probably wouldn't be fun at all. "Rising," went the doorbell as she pressed it for the fourth time.





She was on time; no one answered. Puzzled, she turned to leave when she heard a tapping on the window. Looking up to where the sound came from, she saw the woman reaching for her to enter. Harriet did a double take. Kim was wearing latex—she knew it—it had to be. What else could catch the light like that and throw it back at you until your heart throbs? She reached back for the door-knob unable to take her eyes off the window, or off of Kim. Could it possibly be that Kim's secret was hers, too?













"I thought we would start off with first things first," Kim was saying from the top of the stairs monitoring for Harriet to ascend. Harriet looked up still in a daze to see that she was right—Kim was standing there in a form fitting molded black latex bra, shimmering black latex panties, garter belt and the most exquisite pair of latex stockings Harriet could even imagine. A small fortune in imported latex excitement. Her heart started racing as she climbed the stairs. "Has this been staged? No one knows about me—or do they," she questioned herself. Pimpilation began forming on her forehead, under her arms. She wanted to run out of the house at the same time she wanted to run upstairs and beg to stay. Kim warmly took Harriet's hand and led her down the hall and into the Irish playroom. She looked around in utter amazement. Back after rack of rubber clothing, dresser after dresser filled to the brim with each garment more exciting than the next. Several beds lined the room with different colored rubber sheets, pillow cases and flowing cascading folds of shimmering,



gossamer latex. Laces, curtains, dust ruffles, jar upon jar of ointments, oils, powders, bottles of stimulants to be used with the different types of rubber. Harriet was dazed, shocked, excited and rampant with desire just looking—filling her eyes to the brim—not believing something like this could ever happen to her.

Kim handed her a baby doll with matching bikini panties to put on. Harriet looked up and smiled her acceptance and Kim broke into a wide grin. "I had a feeling you were right for me. I was right, wasn't it?" Kim was cooing with Harriet.

"I don't know how you could have known, Kim, but you were most certainly correct," answered Harriet. Within moments they were playing, letting the tension flow from their bodies. Feeling, rubbing, smelling, loving—all the things they wanted to do forever, but never could while they were alone. Finally, out of joyous exhaustion, they fell into one another's arms. Their bodies were stripped of their daily worries, and both knew they would sleep more soundly now that they had at last found one another.



